Annals and Statistics

...of...

Glynn County,

Georgia.

...By...

CHARLES S. WYLLY.

"Downward they move, a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Through torrid tracts, with fainting steps they go—
Where wild 'Altama' murmurs to their woe."
—DESERTED VILLAGE.

PRESS OF H. A. WRENCH & SONS, BRUNSWICK, GA.

IT is some time since I began this memoir. Unskilled in composition, I failed to place in words the facts which I hoped might impress the youth of the day—a youth contemptuous of the past and unapt to reflect—that their forefathers had much to do and more to endure e'er they won for the English race the lands we now call the County of Glynn.

I trust this record of an arduous struggle, this story of a sharp wrestle with an invading army, and of the final conquest of a wilderness, may have some interest to those living in a quieter age. In the burial ground at Frederica lie the remains of many a patriot and gallant soldier, who, in life, never failed to answer every call of the "Province of Georgia." Had they tombs, upon each tablet might be inscribed:—"Here lies one who, living, did his whole duty to his people and his country." Wrights, McIntoshes, McBeans, Clarkes, Demereys, Burnets and McCoys lie side by side. At dead of night, should some phantom pibroch blow loud and clear, the muster call would be answered by men who, living, gave the first check to Spanish-American power, and whose descendants, in many instances, forget and neglect the sods under which they lie.

All countries, and especially all colonies, owe their birth to some political necessity, and thus it was that, in the year 1730, those who then ruled the British government perceived that it was necessary to take effectual means for the better protection of the Carolinas against Spanish and Indian hostility, and to these men no plan seemed more suitable than the surrounding of those rich settlements, over which the shadows of servile insurrection, Indian wars and Spanish invasion continually rested, by a zone of free colonists, bound under law to military service, holding the land granted them by virtue of that service, and whose presence and courage would serve as a buffer to break the first strength of an enemy, and thus did it come to pass that the British government, in 1730, lent a willing ear to the philanthropic efforts of Oglethorpe and his associates.

To the deserving poor free passage was given, lands were granted, and a three year's support was guaranteed. To the disaffected Jacobite the same terms were offered. To the oppressed Lutheran similar proffers were made, and thus it was that, conceived by a political necessity, but born of the purest

feelings that emanate from the human heart,that the province of Georgia came into life. South Carolina ceded her claims to the lands that now comprise the states of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and the youngest born of the North American colonies was called Georgia, in honor of George II, King of England, Ireland and Scotland.

EARLY HISTORY OF GLYNN.

In date of foundation, our county was third, but not until 1765 were its limits defined and called the parishes of St. Patrick and St. David. In 1777, it was renamed the County of Glynn, in honor of John Glynn, Esq., a strong supporter of provincial rights. Settled in 1736, it at once became the headquarters of the commanding general and the seat of government. Embracing in its limits the islands of St. Simons and Jekyl they became the keys to the system of defense adopted by Oglethorpe. Frederica on the extreme left was the buttress upon which the whole system rested, Fort Howe, at the first ford of the Altamaha river, the right flank. One rested on the Atlantic ocean, the other on a great river. Between these points out-posts and block houses were built—one at Carteret's and one at Hopeton. Northwards a line of forts extended from Fort Howe to Fort Argyle on the Ogeechee, and from thence to the Savannah. Darien, with easy water communication to both right and left, became the post of the reserve, and from there a good road was opened to Savannah. With his line thus protected on its flanks and guarded in the rear Oglethorpe awaited the coming war, and by this disposition of the forces Glynn county became the very picket line of the Anglo-Saxon colony, and behind that line rested the richer and more populous settlements of the province, content with the knowledge that the shock of conflict must first break upon the citizens of Glynn and McIntosh.

"Nor was the enemy the effete power we now know. Spain then stood at the head of European nationality. Her flag waved from Van Couver's to Cape Horn, and Florida and Cuba were supported by the whole strength of the "Catholic kingdom." Jealousy of the encroaching Saxon was intense, and upon Georgia, the new out-shoot of British energy, it was well known her heavy hand would soon fall. Frederica was garrisoned by a regiment of 600 men enlisted in the British service and officered by men of great merit. Above all it had Oglethorpe as its commander. The fort was constructed in the form of half a hexagon,

with two bastions and two half bastions crowned with towers. The walls were of earth ten feet high, faced with timber. The whole fort was surrounded by a deep ditch furnished with gates to admit the tide. Landward it showed two bastions. Riverward there was a water battery, and seaward there was a dense wood, hiding the fort from advancing vessels. In front of the wood and protected by a miry marsh was a battery of twelve heavy guns." The place was garrisoned by a part of Oglethorpe's regiment, four companies being stationed at other points—two on Cumberland Island, one on Jekyl, and one at Fort St. Simons, St. Simon's Island. Such were the relative positions of the two parties when war was declared. "For two years the Spaniards had been preparing in Cuba an armada, huge for those days." It consisted of fifty ships and carried five thousand men, commanded by Don Monteano. Its mission was to wipe off from the North American coast all traces of heretic settlements. Slowly the news of it floated northward. Meanwhile the armada was at the mouth of the St. Mary's. Fort Williams, at the south end of Cumberland, held out well, having been reinforced, Gen. Oglethorpe having fought his way to it in boats. Then, with no more than seven hundred soldiers, consisting of five hundred of his own regiment, sixty highland rangers from Darien, thirty scouts under Capt. Noble Jones, fifty rangers from Glynn, and the rest but Indian auxiliaries, the general threw himself into Frederica.

On July 5th, 1742, the enemy passed Fort St. Simons, which was bravely defended by Lieuts. Wall and Ottebridge, and sailed up to Gascoigue's Bluff, now St. Simon's Mills. Fort St. Simons was then abandoned, and the garrison retired into Frederica spiking their guns before retreat. On July 7th, Oglethorpe attacked the enemy at Bloody Marsh, drove them back, with a loss of four hundred killed, wounded and taken prisoners, to their entrenched camps. On July 11th, their great galleys came up to Frederica, but met so warm a fire from the guns of the fort as forced them to retire, Oglethorpe pursuing them in boats to the sound. On July 15th, the whole fleet and army retired by way of Cumberland, landing and burning Major Horton's residence on Jekyl. On July 24th, a general thanksgiving was ordered for the end of the invasion. In this heroic struggle, with the exception of Capt. Jones' scouts, not one soldier from the province of Georgia, save the men of Glynn and McIntosh and the regiment of regulars, participated. Chatham

and Liberty lay quiet, seemingly content with the knowledge that between themselves and the enemy stood Oglethorpe with his regiment and the men of the two frontier counties.

With 1742 terminated forever all attempts of Spanish power against the coasts of Georgia and the Carolinas. Bloody Marsh was a practical assertion of the Monroe dsctrine, and after it came peace ond prosperity. The garrisons that were kept up furnished a market for all the produce raised on the farms. The lands were new and productive, the pasturage abundant, and beef and mutton found ready sale at Frederica, Fort Howe and Savannah. From 1743 to 1765, there was a period of unusual prosperity. The young men found ready employment at the military posts as scouts, guides or teamsters, while the elder men made their homes each day more attractive and productive. One radical change in the charter of the province brought about much ill feeling, and was the cause of much divergence of opinion.

By the Georgia charter slavery had been positively interdicted. But the Savannah and Ogeechee settlers, seeing the Carolina planter resting in the shade while his fields were tilled by slaves, bought in the Charleston market, on four year's time, at one hundred dollars a head, became covetous and restless. Petitions and counter petitions were frequent for the abrogation of that clause of the charter, and when, at length, the interdiction was rescinded, on October 26th, 1749, much divergence of opinion was created. Among the many counter petitions was one, signed to a man, by the citizens of Frederica and Darien. A remarkable document, in which we find the words: "Introduce slaves and and we cannot but believe they will one day return to be a scourge and a curse upon our children, or our children's children." This was the first protest in all history against the use of slaves, and it was based upon humanitarian grounds—long before Phillips spoke or Garrison wrote, and it emanated from Darien, Georgia. In such form was this "animated apple of discord" sown into Georgia history.

Prosperity now came quickly. Exports of indigo, peltries and furs commenced, and trade with the Indian nations to the south and west gave employment to many adventurous spirits. In this growing prosperity Glynn county fully shared. The great house of Blanton, Forbes & Co., established a branch at Frederica, known as McCoy & Spalding. They bought cargoes direct from England and sold to Indian tribes that dwelt to the north, on the Tennessee river, and to the south, in the Eyer-

glades of Florida. In 1774, John Bartram, the first botanist of Southern America, and whose name is even now perpetuated in the "Bartram's Botanical Gardens" of Philadelphit, tells, in his journal, of kindnesses received and of his being forwarded on his journey by James Spalding, of Retreat, St. Simon's Island.

I doubt, if anywhere within the circle of British colonization such picturesque contrasts of social condition could have been found as in the narrow circuit of early Georgia. In Savannah might be met the loose living English adventurer, the men of Fielding's novels. A few miles to the west the steady German tilled his fields under his own pastor and teacher; but a day's ride to the south a band of Puritans, of strictest tenets, had planted their stakes at "Midway Church," whilst further south and on the very frontier of the colony their moral antipodes, would be found —the fervid Celt; whilst amongst them all, at that time, free and friendly, roamed the Red men of the woods.

But now the waves of revolutionary principles were fast rising. Families were being divided one from another, daughters found husbands who differed in political faith from their fathers and brothers. The British government, which had been lavishly generous to the last born of her American colonies, withdrew her bounty and frowned upon her ungrateful child, and the year 1775 found Glynn county torn by diversities of political faith and subject to military inroads from the now British possession of Florida. She was, in the succeeding year, raided by predatory bands, called "skinners." Now McGirth, in the name of his majesty, ravaged the country, and after him Paddy Carr, under commission of the state, literally robbed every home not defended by strong arms and ready rifles. During the progress of the Revolutionary war, General Prevost, of his majesty's army, with a body of irregular troops, crossed the St. Mary's at its first ford, and marched straight for Fort Howe, on the Altamaha. In his way through Wayne and Glynn he spared neither barn nor dwelling. Accompanied by McGirth's partisan cavalry, he swept the coast from its southern line to Savannah. Great suffering was entailed upon the citizens of Glynn, Liberty and McIntosh. Yet there was no abandonment of principles, and the people in general remained faithful to the cause of liberty, Frederica was captured by British vessels which laid in the sound. The fort was dismantled, the barracks burned, the town destroyed, its inhabitants dispersed, and from that day to this, rightly it has been called, "The Dead City of Georgia." The

trees that then adorned its bluffs still shadow the river, on the banks of which the immigrants of 1736 first stood, when they listened to Charles Wesley, who says, in his diary, "I preached with boldness." On that same carpet of grass did the ladies of the town give him great offense—"by a too often and too great a flaunting of their gowns." He arrived on St. Simon's, March 9th, 1736, and left, never to return, May 15th, 1736. He left Georgia finally on July 26th, preaching in Savannah on the Sunday previous from the text, "Let us arise and go hence." His brother, John Wesley, made one visit to Frederica, but was never in charge of the congregation. A short distance from Frederica was the home of Oglethorpe, the only spot of land in the New World ever owned by the founder of the state of Georgia. It has of late been called the "Beck Place," and distant about a half a mile is the church and old burial ground. Here, in the solemn stillness of an unrivalled grove, lie many of the first settlers of Georgia, and beside them those of later days. As the sun sinks in the west, the shadows lengthen and at times steal away, as if in the presence of a sorrow. Above the grey moss waves its funeral banner and your feet sink deep in the green ferns that cover the earth, here and there rises a white tomb, marking the resting place of the one whose name is chiseled thereon. Often a low mound is all that meets the eye, and who rests there "in peace" is not known; but here lie men who have filled a noble part in the history of our state, and who, in their day, were looked up to as right-thinking and right-acting men, and beside them, rest wives and mothers whose children to this day "rise up and call them blessed."

Slowly the war dragged on. For seven years Georgia, and especially her frontier county, became but a highway for predatory bands, whose swords were drawn, it might be, in the name of king or state, but who, in fact fought only for plunder. Cunningham, nick named "Bloody Bill," for whose head the governor of South Carolina had offered a thousand pounds, led his miscreants to the Altamaha, and his very name became a terror. When peace was declared he fled to the Bahamas, from which place, at his death, his son, who had settled in Darien, brought home his body, and had it interred in the Baptist church yard of that place.

At last, in 1783, came peace and Independence. and with a gasp of relief, Glynn county turned to rebuild her desolate homes.

Sea Island cotton promised to bring high prices, and soon, what capital existed, or could be borrowed, turned to that industry. Large farms were opened for its cultivation on St. Simon's and Jekyl, and also on the mainland, especially in the tide water district, and the Big and Little Buffalo swamps.

Immigrants from South and North Carolina flowed in, and French refugees from the West Indies added their thrift, courtesy and education to the energy of the Scotch and English who, until then, had composed the whole population. Schools were opened, churches built, lands cleared and diked, and by the close of the century the ruins that had marked the course of the war were hid by the growths of peace.

Live Oak timber was found to be valuable in ship-building. Much was got out for northern markets. The government gave out contracts for the frames of men of war, and from the lands at Cannon's Point, St. Simon's Island, Mr. John Couper cut the frame of the U. S. frigate "Constitution." The tree from which her stern post was framed stood in the garden, and there are those now living who can remember the stump, banded with iron and inscribed, "U. S. frigate Constitution, 1794." In 1849, when she was docked for repairs, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, Chairman of the Naval Committee, was presented with a vase,* carved from her timbers, and thus did the oak that had grown at the north end of the island return after perils by battles and perils by storms, to add to the charms of the drawing room at "Retreat." Glynn county steadily advanced in wealth and population. In 1810, we find her returning 4,500 slaves and a proportionate acreage in cultivated lands. Taxation hardly existed, for the owner was assessed but thirty-one cents for each slave, and for each acre of cultivated lands 4 mills was collected, and for wild lands 2. The entire revenue of the county, in 1812, was but $1,863, and in 1820, $2,005. Still the county owed not one dollar, and every class of society was prosperous. In 1837, came the first rumor of railroad movements. A charter was obtained for a railroad to connect the Altamaha with the port of Brunswick. The road was graded by a Dr. Davis, but not built. The charter was afterwards exchanged for one authorizing a canal, to be called the Brunswick and Altamaha Canal. This canal was opened for traffic, but soon

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*This vase is an exact copy of the famous "Portland Vase." The copper bolts that had held their places has beautifully stained and veined the wood.

abandoned. In the meantime the lands that now comprise the city of Brunswick had been acquired by a company, called "The Proprietors of the City of Brunswick." They built a large hotel, called it "The Oglethorpe," and inaugurated the first boom of the city of Brunswick. It may not be amiss to here attach a concise history of the city. In 1737, the city was founded by Oglethorpe. A plan of streets and squares was adopted, and by that plan the town was laid out. In 1771, the lines and marks having been obliterated, parliament ordered a resurvey, according to the original plans, but before this could be accomplished the troubles of the revolution occurred. In 1787, the state of Georgia made Brunswick a port of entry, and ordered the town to be resurveyed and laid out, "as nearly as possible" according to the original plan. In 1797, an act was passed by the legislature of the state embodying the same instructions, and appointing commissioners for the town of Brunswick. The commissioners were John Couper, James Moore, James Harrison, William McIntosh and William Clubb. George Purvis, surveyor, was empowered by these commissioners "to lay out the city of Brunswick in accordance with the original plan," and to cause the lots to be staked out and the streets opened. George Purvis resurveyed the city, marking the lots, but failed to open the streets. He, however, made and filed in the Surveyor General's office a map of the city of Brunswick. In 1837, George Baldwin, civil engineer in the employ of the "Proprietors of the City of Brunswick," resurveyed the city. This last survey was accepted by the city, a map was filed in the Surveyor General's office, and is now the accepted and final plan and plot. Between 1805 and 1830, owing to disappointments at the growth of Brunswick, the area of settlement had been reduced to a few lots in the north-western part of the city. Between 1806 and 1828 the whole area of the town had been fenced, cleared and planted by four persons—James Mangham, A. D. Lawrence, Robert Piles and Robert Hazlehurst. In 1826, these men, with the exception of the latter, gave quit claim titles to all these land to Moses Eastman, by whom they were transferred to the company called "The Proprietors of the City of Brunswick." Great confusion of ownership ensued, and not until after 1865 were many of these titles rectified by action of the courts. Even now, in many cases, the strongest point in the fee simple is the title "by prescription."

By 1820, St. Simons' Island had become, in a great measure, the centre of the social life of the county. Almost every

acre of arable land was in cultivation, and the owners were, in general, persons of refined tastes and liberal education. Some were retired officers of the British army, who had traveled and seen the world in many phases. The mode of life was essentially simple, but the hospitality was immense. Every door stood open to the stranger, and to be the guest of one was to be made welcome in every household. With the exception of the owner of Hampton Point there was no extreme wealth, but there existed a much happier condition—there were none without an easy competence, and many possessed incomes far above the average. In number, there were fourteen homesteads or plantations as they were then called, and on the island there was a slave population of about twelve hundred. In the summer, many planters from the tide water and Buffalo swamps came as guests, or as owners of cottages, and added, by their presence, to the home and resident society.

The church was well supported and well attended. One service, at 11 a. m., was given to the whites and a lecture in the afternoon to the colored race. The effect of this mode of instruction was shown in the improved character of the island slaves, who, in general, were far in advance of their race in intelligence and civilization. This church, one of the oldest in the state, had, I believe, the unique distinction of being perhaps the only one in Ceorgia to which a clerk and pew-opener were, on each succeeding Easter Monday, duly elected. The clerk, pronounced by all the congregation "clark," was, for many years, the venerable Mr. Davis. He sat on a high seat immediately in front of the officiating priest and led the responses in a fine bass voice. The pew-opener, the estimable Mrs. Davis, never failed in attendance. At nine the congregation had commenced to arrive. The older ladies came wearing "calashes," made of wire and green silk—a sort of miniature buggy top—which were laid aside upon entering their pews. They then gathered together for gossip and talk, which did not cease until the "Dearly beloved" was uttered by the preacher. The men seated themselves upon benches built under the trees, received their mail, which was always brought to the church door by the postmaster, read letters and discussed the last news from Milledgeville, Washington or Charleston, until the sound of the organ called them to worship. The children played in the shade until summoned, and they, in general, were dismissed when the sermon commenced. The young people of my own family were not

allowed to leave the church, but at the first verse of the litany we seated ourselves upon the floor and opened our lunch baskets. There, hidden from view by the high pews, we were duly thankful for the mercies granted to us, generally in the form of buttered waffles. As I grow older I remember listening to the hymns when sung by that marvellous voice which then led the choir—a voice that possessed the power and sweetness to leave its impress upon all who heard it so as never to be forgotten. A voice, to hear which sing either "La Manola" or "My Love is Like a red, red, Rose," I have known a man of sixty years of age to man his boat, row twenty miles, listen for one hour with ears charmed by the music, and heart hypnotized by a perfect grace and sweetness of manner, then re-embark for his long row. Ah, sure it is, that there are memories that defy both time and years.

At the northern end of the island was situated the home of Maj. Butler. This gentleman was, at the outbreak of the revolution, an officer in the British army. He had married an heiress of the Middleton family of South Carolina. He had resigned his commission and became an ardent supporter of the colonies. He afterwards removed to Georgia, and brought great wealth with him. More than 800 slaves called him master. They were equally divided between his rice place in McIntosh county, of Butler's Island, and the cotton plantation of Hampton's Point. Here everything was pervaded by a species of military rule. No one came to visit him but was met on the landing by a vidette, who enquired your business and escorted you to the mansion. Everything was made on the plantation. Tanneries existed. A shoe-making establishment, a manufactory for clothes, socks, caps, furniture, etc., and indeed almost every industry was represented. No person, however old or feeble, was allowed to be altogether idle. One story I recollect that typifies this fact. An old woman coming up to him said: "Master, I am old, I can work no longer." "It is true," said Mr. Butler, but calling his head man he said: "Flora is not to work, but get a goose, give her a line and say to her each day she must lead my goose to graze for an hour," and for ten years did goose and woman pasture together at Hampton's Point. The discipline was strict but never harsh, a fact shown to this day by the devoted and almost romantic attachment of even, every descendant of that slave population to all who carry a drop of Butler blood in their veins. In his social intercourse with the island families Maj. Butler was stiff and ceremonious. He finally after amassing a great

fortune, removed to Philadelphia, and his estate was inherited by grandchildren, decendants from the female line. They are now represented by Mrs. Owen J. Wister, of Phlaidelphia, and the Hon. Mrs. F. B. Leigh, of England. Major Butler was one of the Ormond family of England, and took an active part in the revolutionary struggle. He was also a delegate to the convention that framed the United States constitution and very prominent in the debates. In Madison's notes on the constitution his opinions are seen to have been often and forcibly expressed.

Separated only by a narrow creek from Maj. Butler's residence was the home of John Couper, a man of as different a type as it is possible to conceive. Mr. Couper was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland; came to America a lad of seventeen years of age; settled in Georgia; married early in life a Miss Rebecca Maxwell, of Liberty county; prospered in business, and having bought the place called Cannon's Point, removed to St. Simons' In 1792. There, for a life time extended to the age of 91, he kept a home, which became a resort for all who needed help or sought pleasure. Here was literally "A Liberty hall," and it is a truth that visitors have been known to stay not days or months, but years. His house became a rendevouz for every one, and it seemed as though no one could visit Georgia without partaking of his hospitality. His conversation was charming, enriched by anecdotes and sparkling with humor. He amassed what was at one time a large fortune, and, taking into partnership James Hamilton, he opened the Hopeton plantation of 1,000 acres of rice land, and the cotton place of Cabbage Bluff, but no fortune could withstand his lavish hospitality, and before his death he had sold his interests to his partner, James Hamilton. His memory, to the generation that preceded me, was full of pleasure, and he was looked up to as a type of integrity, kindness and genial humor. When appealed to, as referee by the Christ church congregation, in the great church war, known as "Organ or No Organ," he settled the matter by sending, on the following Sunday, his man Johnnie, with his bag pipes, to serve as a substitute for the desired instrument. Need it be said that he thought that in the screech of the pipes would be drowned all contending voices and creeds.

Five miles south of Cannon's Point resided the family of Capt. Alexender C. Wylly, at the plantation called the "Village," and it remained the home of the Wylly family until 1886, when sold by James Couper, to whom it was left by Miss Heriot

Wylly, to the Brunswick Company. Capt. Wylly was educated at Oxford, England; became a captain in the British army; married a Miss Margaret Armstrong, of Nassau; retired from the army and returned to Georgia in 1808. His wife survived him many years, and was much esteemed and respected. Next to the Village southward was the home of the family of Demereys, known as The Hall, and also called Harrington. This family were sons of Capt. Raymond Demerey of H. M. A., who greatly distinguished himself in active service, and especially at Bloody Marsh.

Southward still was the Abbot homestead, and still farther south came the plantation known as Hamilton, now St. Simon's Mills, belonging to James Hamilton Couper, son of John Couper, who had married Caroline G. Wylly, a daughter of Capt. Alex Wylly. A little to the east was the residence of the Cater family, whose decendants are now represented by the Postells of this day.

At the extreme southern point, called Retreat; was the seat of Maj. Thos. Butler King, whose only child, Ann, married the Hon. Thos. Butler King, Around this home hovers none but recollections of grace, beauty and courtesy. An indescribable air of refinement environed and encircled it. Thos. Higginson, who visited it whilst abandoned in 1863, writes—"The lovliest spot I have seen in the South, filled with hyacinthe odors." If with the goddesses absent he could thus write, what would he have written had he my memories to draw upon? Of the mother, Mrs. King, in the fashion of the day, had long been written in an old album, on her birthday anniversary—

> "Good sense, good nature and good breeding,
> Went on a pilgrimage.
> They visited the fair of every clime,
> But rested, upon meeting Ann Page."

In this home the visitor found all that could charm the eye, the ear and the heart. The master gave willingly from his stores of information, gleaned in almost every land. With a mind far in advance of his day, he had been the organizer and projector of the railroad from Brunswick to the Pacific, and in his travels had been intimate with all the great spirits of his country. His conversation was enriched with the great thoughts of others, and never palled upon a listener's ear. His was a chivalrous nature full of noble thoughts, nobly expressed, and to that was added a heart that pulsated with sympathy to all mankind. Before death overtook him he had filled every office within the gift

of his county or district. His sons were types of the best manhood of the South, and the home was endeared to all by by the grace, beauty and charm of the home circle. Certain it is that "to know some women is in itself almost an education." The face of one of the girls, to an artist, would have been a delight. Equally would it have been the dispair of the modern photographer. In it shone a divine soul which God, in his graciousness, had vouchsafed to allow men of earthly mould to gaze upon.

At Hopeton, a very large plantation of the Tide Water district, Mr. John Couper and James Hamilton built a home and established a plantation, placing thereon, in 1805, 300 slaves. At first the lands were used for cotton culture, then for the sugar industry, and finally it drifted into rice as the staple crop. Upon the retirement of Mr. Couper from the partnership, his son, Mr. James Hamilton Couper, was placed in charge by Mr. Hamilton. This son administered the estate for over fifty years, and brought the plantation to such perfection as to make it a model to all interested in scientific agriculture; he increased the acreage to 1,800, made enormous crops, and by skillfull diking and ditching, almost eliminated the element of uncertainty, which is now the bane of the rice planter. By a methodical use of his time, he found leisure to cultivate his scientific tastes, so much so as to cause his correspondence to be solicited by almost all the learned societies. He collected, at great cost, a library in which there was hardly any valuable work found wanting, and there was no branch of knowledge that he did not, in some measure, excel in. He was recognized as the best planter of the district, as a most humane and successful manager of slaves, as the leading conchologist of the South, and as a microscopist, whose researchse into the then new field of germ life attracted attention in the laboratories of all the universities.

Immediately adjoining the Hopeton plantation is the "Altama" homestead, now the property of the Corbins of Paris. Once it was the winter home of Mr. James Hamilton Couper, but was lost to the family by the financial deluge of 1865. The house is a fine example of the advantages of tabby as a building material. It shows that for durability that that material cannot be excelled, while yet the graces of architecture can be blended into its rough exterior. Southward we reach the Elizafield, Grantley and Evelyn plantations. The three were once, and until after 1865, the homes of the Grants. To those who visi-

ted their residence in olden times, there can be none but pleasant memories. And now we come to the seat of a family whose very name should be dear to every Georgian. Dr. James McGilveray Troup was born in Savannah, August 31st, 1786. He studied medicine, became a most successful practitioner, and later, having married Miss Camilla Bailsford, retired from the active pursuit of his profession to enjoy a well-earned rest and to exemplify to a younger generation the virtues, and pleasures of integrity, industry and hospitality. His lands covered the Broadfield, Hofwyl and New Hope tracts, and were brought to the highest state of cultivation. He and his distinguished brother, George Michael Troup, were sons of George Troup, Esq., and Katherine McIntosh, who were married in London, 1776. George Michael Troup was born on the Tombigbee river, Alabama, (then Georgia) Sept. 8th, 1780. Coming, on his father's side, of the best English stock, grafted on to the sturdy clan of McIntosh, it might be expected that their issue would show the value of ancestry. John McIntosh, captain in the British army and Indian agent of his majesty, in western Georgia, now Alabama, was the honest soldier who answered his kinsmen of McIntosh county when entreated by them to lend his aid to the revolutionary movement, "Having eaten the king's salt I cannot take sides against him." His wife was a McGilveray, and through her family he was connected with the famous half breed Alexander McGilveray. Geo.M. Troup was educated I think at Princeton: studied law, and brought a keen intellect to bear in the practice of his profession, and on the political questions of the day. He soon rose to prominence, and when elected governor of the state in 1824 he had to meet the delicate question of state sovereignty versus federal power, in the newly acquired lands of Cherokee Georgia. To the solution of this problem he brought strong arguments, and above all an unyielding will; and when, at last under the administration of John Quincy Adams, he found himself and his state confronted with a letter which conveyed to him a threat, he, in his message to the legislature, used the words now carved on his monumental stone. "I entreat you therefore, now that it is not too late to step forth, and having exhausted the arguments to stand by your arms." His remains lie in Montgomery county, on the plantation, known as the Mitchel place. He died April 20th 1356. His descendants are represented by a grandson, John S. Bryan and the families of Mrs. Robert Wayne, and Mrs. Holmes Conrad. He was the John the Baptist of

state rights, the forerunner of principles which were in after years to stir the country to its very heart. In his day the independence of the south would have been conceded with scarce the admonition of "wayward sisters depart in peace." He, with Gen. Quitman for vice president, was nominated for the presidency at Montgomery. Not however with the hope of election but as an assertion of the undying principle of state sovereignty. At "Hofwyl" his grand nephew, a grandson of Dr. James Troup, still resides. Here we find repeated the life, both mental, and physical, which once made Broadfield famous. Its large surroundings are suggestive of olden days, its owner contributes in his conversation the latest views of the best thinkers and writers of the present age, leavened by a sound judgment, that has not forgotten the work and glories of the past, visitors are constant and frequent. Each winter Savannah sends the chatelaine to light up the house, and add the grace and courtesy of her presence to this country home. There were, once, many such homes in the county of which I speak. Ah me! that I should write of them all—this one alone remains.

Carterets Point was one of the outposts established by Oglethorpe. In time it became the homestead of the Wright family and was the residence of the late George W. Wright. The Lambs also settled on this point and from these two families have sprung a large number of Glynn's most honored and useful citizens. In the days of reconstruction both of them were potent factors in the re-establishment of white supremacy, and it is to their courage and energy that the rescue of the county is largely due. At Carterets Point also was situated the "Parsonage." In August 1897, at the meeting of the Rhode Island Historical Association, the Rev. George F. Clarke once pastor of this church thus spoke. "In his opening he referred to this charge and said that it contained five white families and a thousand slaves." The happy and hospitable life of the Southerner was described. Continuing, he said, "my evenings were delightful, not only delightful, but instructive. My host, Mr. Couper, at Hopeton, was a man of most uncommon ability and attainment. His library was the largest and best selected I have ever seen in private ownership." Then in a reminiscent vien, Dr. Clarke told of the desolations of the war, and said. "I wonder how many of the wealthy men, who now own these lands, would rise from their dinner tables to shake the hand of an aged servant, a sight I once witnessed at Hopeton." He closed by saying.

"The memory of those days and of those people has not faded away. The majestic oaks with leaves green throughout the year, the magnolia with its blossom lifted high to the heaven, the jessamine perfuming the air, the rice birds clouding the very sky, the buzzards slowly sailing in the blue heights, these form the physical aspects of the scene and he added "I was acquainted with the more cultivated class of Southerners, they had inherited their slaves from their fathers or grand fathers who had bought them from merchants of Boston or New Port. I saw no cruelty and the servants did not work so hard as the wives of our northern farmers." As I read the words quoted, memory asserts itself and I see Glynn county as it was, with a dominant class who were men of culture, travel and means, conservative in opinion and politics and of unblemished integrity. It has become a fashion to cry we are of the New South. It might be well to think before we speak. It would be well to know, that there is not one road to honor that was not blazed out by them of the old south. It would be well to know that there is not one industry which leads to wealth, the foundations of which were not laid by those that are dead and gone. It were well to think, who re-claimed a wilderness and conquered a country, and it is but right, for that youth, exultant in his young manhood to know that "the older forms now bearing the scars and deformities of age and labor, bear them and wears them on his account," that for him were those defacements of exposure and toil taken on to that frame "once God like" that on his account was the drum roll not sounded in vain, for him was the mustering of men, and the trembling farewells of women uttered, which once echoed from the ocean beaches to the mountains of Georgia, and with that thought the youth of our land should hardly say "oh he is of the old south and is now but a back number."

Jekyl Island remained a government reservation or military post from 1736 to 1766. In the latter year it was granted by the Crown to Clement Martin, and was afterwards sold under a decree of court to four French gentlemen and finally it passed into the possession of Capt. Poulain duBignon. In his family it remained until the organization of the Jekyl Island Club in 1886. The club has spent hundred of thousands of dollars in buildings and improvements. Many of its members have built winter residences of the most costly character, and the whole island now presents a most beautiful appearance. Shelled roads and the beautiful beach offer drives that can not be excelled. While

everywhere, bridle and bicycle paths wander amid the oaks and sink into the dells that border the ocean. Game of every kind abounds and under the "strict preservation" rules of the club multiply to an extent elsewhere unknown. A palatial club house offers accomodations to members and their families and in its management and cuisine it is not excelled even by the Waldorf or Netherlands. The owners of the island are the capitalists of the country and no money is spared towards making of it an ideal Southern home. But a great noveliest has written in "Endymion." "In nature the insect world is strongest" and here in this delta of the river of wealth, we find a Rockafeller, a Flagler and a Lorilliard just as their Island Eden is most attractive, when the jessamine scents the air, when the crab apple and dog wood begin to illustrate the winters woods, driven from their homes and fleeing before the tiny sand fly, native and sprung from Southern soil, neither wealth, position or art can secure immunity. The war of the rebellion was largely won by numbers and money, but here like ghosts at even tide, the reserves of the south arise and declare that in their land no permanent home shall be made. In millions the "little people" come and before them the four hundred flee away.

On the mainland west of Jekyl Island we find the home of the Scarlets; the place was, is still called Fancy Bluff. Here the founders of that family lived, they were allied by marriage to the Parlands of Blythe Island and have always exercised a large influence in county and district affairs. Bethel was the seat of the Tisons. One of the brothers removed to Savannah, acquired, or rather, increased his wealth and gained a large influence in his adopted city. His descendants are now married into the Mercer and Dunwody connections. The brother remained at Bethel, his daughters are united to the Wright and Branham families; his son built a home in a most beautiful situation on Turtle River called it "The Hermitage," but has died leaving one daughter.

At "Anguilla" we reach the Hazlehurst homestead. Mr. Robert Hazlehurst owned this place. From his marriage with Miss Wilson, of Philadelphia are descended the Plants, of Macon, Ga. From his second union with Miss Nicolai are descended sons and daughters, who have married into the families of Nightengale, Huger and Habersham.

Marengo was the Nicolai home, a French family who settled at an early date in the county. They are allied to the duBignons and Hazlehursts of this county.

Waynesville was once the summer home of a number of the planters of swamp and rice lands. The Coupers, the Tunnos, the Kings, the Grants and many others here spent the hot months of the year creating quite a society of their own. It was also the home of the McNish and Johnson families, and in later times of the Layton Hazlehurst family, the Armstrongs, Nicolai's and many planters from the Buffalo added their presence to the little circle of home residents.

The North Western part of the county was more sparsely settled and offered fewer inducements to the prospector. At present it is in a large measure given over to the worker in naval stores and to those engaged in the lumber, cross tie and cypress industries.

Until 1868 Glynn county was first in rank as regards wealth and progressive agriculture. Nor was the manhood of the county slow in asserting itself at the breaking out of the war, between North and South. The Glynn Rangers organized and commanded by George C. Dent, Esq., was the the first company to be equipped and take the field. This company, forming a part of the 4th Georgia cavalary did good and efficient service on the coast of Georgia and Florida, greatly distinguishing itself for vigilance and daring. The Brunswick Riflemen was the next company to organize. In our appendix its original muster roll is given, with the names of the battle fields in which it participated. Its service was chiefly in Virginia, it (forming Company A 26th Ga. Regiment, Lawton's Brigade.) Of the sixty-four companies which composed that brigade, the Riflemen alone preserves its organization. It's dead fell on every battle field of the army of Northern Virginia, and their graves were dug on the soil of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. At the annual meetings of the company the muster roll of the Veterans, yearly grows smaller. In 1897 but 14 answered to their name. A few more years, and the muster will be complete when on the shore "across the river" the final "here" shall be the answer in the "stone wall" roll call.

In closing this short and geographical sketch of the county, I trust I may be pardoned a digression as to the characteristics of the people who here made and established their homes. If great generosity of heart, great honesty of purpose, unbounded sympathy with the oppressed and unblemished integrity in life can outweigh the faults arising from impulsiveness and excesses, in a great measure, attributable to the habits of the day,

then the men of past ages have but little to fear in the judgment yet to be meted out. Charles the fifth, Emperor and absolute ruler over one half of Europe, said to Titian the great painter, as he seated himself for portraiture. "Paint me not as I am, but as what I might have been. Think not what evil I have committed, but (rather with my power) what temptation I might have yielded to." So with many of these men, brought up from childhood with the belief in their own superiority over all of an inferior race. Think rather of what they refrained from, than of sins committed. "Lead me not into temptation" the child of to-day lisps at his mother's knee, far more did those of a past age, need that that supplication should have come from the inner heart. In time providence rights all wrongs, and in my judgment the expiation has been full and complete.

No where was slavery less objectionable to the humanitarian than on the coasts of Georgia, and to the truth of this fact many visitors have testified. Sir Charles Lyle the geologist, Basil Hall the traveller, the Hon. Miss Murray, Miss Bremer, the Swedish writer, besides clouds of witnesses less noted, visited the county, and in their writings spoke boldly on this subject. The institution as it here existed, more nearly resembled a patriarchial bondage, than the slavery of the chattel and mortgage type.

The race themselves took a curious pride on being of such and such a family, and frequently called themselves by what to them was almost a tribal name. Their language was a mixture of the African and pure Saxon, uncouth as it was in sound, it had the merit of great strength and vitality. Often have I thought that as a language becomes refined, and capable of accurately defining differences, so in equal measures is it emasculated of its pristine strength and power.

No great Epic has been written save of primal eras, and in the tongue of a youthful and yet simple language; in the negro's speech, the word used would be strongly descriptive of the wished for idea, but no white man would have thought of it or ventured on its use.

One negro in this county when objecting to the encroachment of a head right answered the surveyor's declaration of its being "vacant land" by an indignant denial that there could be in 1886, "any modderless land, in de state of Georgia, aint you know buckra would a tek him." Every plantation had its professional story teller, and tales weird and quaint enough to some

times chill the blood, and then again to provoke to laughter were part of the traditional lore, always however a moral was inculcated, and in the "why the buzzard's head was bald," as well as in the adventures of the "wise bud," and the "stupid bud;" was honesty declared to be the best policy, the stories were always given in "recitation" and the words were allied to some melody, most often of African birth.

The men who lived in the times that are gone, differed much from those who now fill their places. An absolute horror of any pretense to puritanism was the silent feature in their lives.

A brave, honest and truthful race, in whom great manliness of character and honesty of heart was almost universal.

The duelling pistol was the supreme court to which all personal difficulties were referred, and the course of settlement was short and decisive. General Charles Floyd, before whom many of these cases were adjudged, called himself the "Peace Maker," for, said he, "I have settled more disputes than any judge in Georgia, either by the removal of one or both of the disputants, or else by an amicable and thorough reconciliation."

As I think back, I wonder if the holding of Gen. Floyd's court did not conduce to the courtesy in language and manner, that was so marked in the manners of his day.

A man whom I greatly honored once said to me, "my son, never take to your heart him whom the world calls a saint, be assured such a person has but succeeded in hiding his vices," to me the repentant sinner appeals much more strongly than one whose virtues are but negative, for what makes a healthy heart?

A healthy heart is one that strongly feels
The pulse of passion and the throb of pain
But asks assistance from a healthy brain,
To stem a morbid current, when it steals
Into the veins with darkening stain.

A heart light beating, which oft reveals,
The touch of sin; but struggles free again,
Repentant, looking to the lamb who heals.
Not such man's heart a football for the crowd
Now high in air, now trampled on the ground
And steeped anon, in sorrow most profound,
Till bruised, benumbed and ossified it lies,
And mercy, Jesus, should mutter e'er it dies."

The same man on another occasion, in response to my question, should some fairy God mother offer you the grant of one wish, what would you ask? "My youth, was the answer; my youth, with all its hopes; my youth, with all its power of appreciation, unshadowed by years; my youth, with its supreme delight in mere life, with its eye for beauty, both physical and

natural, undimmed, with its soul full of generosity and pulsing with a divine sympathy equally to the erring and the suffering, above all, with its faith in others unsapped and full of trust, not doubt of mankind. Give me but this last, he said, and with it alone I could defy both fate and fortune."

As the strong and leonine face dropped the mental mask, that all men wear, disclosing what a man so rarely sees, that holy of holies, another's inner heart, veiled, and seldom lifted, but to a woman's summons, I thought, can it be that one who has faced so bravely the cruel blows of disease and age, thinks not "of the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune," but rather, of the power of trust and belief in his fellow men that's gone forever.

"Oh in this mocking world too fast.
The doubting ~~friend~~ O'ertakes our youth, friends -
Better be cheated to the last.
Than lose the blessed hope of truth"

To write of Glynn county and make no mention of the Wesleys, would be an omission, not so much on account of the value of their work, as to correct the prevailing belief in the length and duration of their joint pastorates.

Charles Wesley first landed on St. Simons Island on March 9th, 1736, and resided there less than seventy days, much of that time was spent in crimination and recrimination, with the Governor of the Province. In his diary he says, "on Sunday I preached with boldness "on the 18th Gen. Oglethorpe set out with the Indians for the main to hunt the buffalo." (and probably to found Brunswick) "on the evening of the 18th M. W. discovered to me the whole mystery of iniquity. Bruce says:* "As usual there was a woman or rather two women in it. Both claiming to have Oglethorpe as their protector and patron. They carry themselves in the little society with great freedom. Oglethorpe is angered and uses words hardly consistent with his generally gracious manner. Charles Wesley is cut and scorned on all sides, and in his diary writes, 'woe is me that I am still constrained to dwell with meshec'. Oglethorpe relents and softens in his feeling towards one who has but his texts, his prayers, and his patience for his comfort. They part as friends on April 24th, 1736, when Capt. McIntosh and the general reconoiter the Spanish lands. On his return, they meet with all differences forgotten. Charles Wesley says: 'I longed sir, upon your leaving, to see you once more that I might tell you some things, but I con-

*See Bruce's Life of Oglethorpe, page 170.

sidered should you die you would know them all'."

Oglethorpe answers: "I know not, whether separated spirits regard our little concerns, If they do; it is as men regard the follies of their childhood."

On May 15th, 1736, Charles Wesley set out for Savannah, leaving Frederica forever, on July 26th. The concluding words of the lesson were 'rise and let us go hence,' and on that day he took his farewell of Georgia, and sailed by way of Boston for England.

John Wesley reached Savannah Febuary 14, 1836. Before his embarkation Dr. Burton, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, had written him "you will keep in view the pattern of the Gospel preacher, St. Paul, who became all things to all men, that he might save some." He was visited on his arrival by Tomo Chichi, the Indian Chief, who made to him these pungent remarks, "Why talk Christian, Christian at Savannah, Christian at Frederica, Christian much drunk, Christian tell lies, Devil Christian, me no Christian," but to be all things to all men that he might save some was not the path in which John Wesley would walk. To save the soul, all things must be borne and endured. He insisted on immersing the baby Georgians brought him for baptism.

He insisted on the most advanced church rites as essentials. He fell in love with a Miss Sophia Hopkins, who dressed in white, and gave herself much trouble to reach the heart of the austere saint. He submitted the question marry or not marry to a council of elders, who advised him to proceed no further in the business. Miss Sophia immediately united herself in marriage to a Mr. Williamson.

Her after conduct, in her former lover's opinion, not being consistent with church membership, he reproved her, and his admonition being unheeded, he denied her the communion. He is sued in the civil courts by her husband, damages paid at £1000. Much scandal and much talk followed. At length after two years and four months stay in Georgia, John Wesley sailed for England, there to found and build the great church power, which in after days is to call him blessed among men, and thrice blessed in Georgia.

In this rapid retrospect we have now reached the crucial days of trial. We have seen the county steadfast and brave under Spanish, English and Northern invasion. We have seen her prosperous and happy, free from debt and governed by men

with a high sense of honor and duty. In 1861 we find her swept by a wave of Southern feeling. Before the electric throb that swept a country, prudence and reason were overborne, five years of struggle, five years display of unmatched heroism, and five years of unspeakable deprivation ensue. Finally on April 9, 1865 comes the cry, "it is over" and a lost cause is laid to rest in the burial places of the memory, there to remain forever entombed together with the trinkets and tressess of our dead, and the graves that lie on other lands. "Tread lightly and with unshod foot, oh wayfarer, for know these are holy memories and this is sacred ground."

Then comes Reconstruction and Destruction. Then brave hearts strive to gather the fragments of a lost prosperity, and other hearts, as brave, sink into cynicism or dispair. One, I remember, who having spent his all, from day to day, finally disappeared, leaving upon his table three packets, each containing a little gold; upon them were written: "This for my last week's board," "This for my funeral expenses," "This for masses for my soul." On the last was added, "go to wharf No. 3, on its cap sill you will find a rope, pull on that rope and you will find me." Requiescat in pace. Did he remember Goethe's hymn of our parent earth, "Let me in, let me in, oh mother."

Years roll on, and the century is near ended. Behind lie days of harassment and days of struggle, days of despondency and days of hope, yet still the sun rises in its sumptuous splendor, and sinks in solemn repose, for there is life in the old land yet. On that island, the seed bed of Georgia, the hope and the youth of the land breathe the crisp air, side by side on the beaches they wander—and, look. To the East every wave is crested with a ripple of hope, while they listen to the music that beats from the ocean's great heart, and to the sigh of the pines, ever sounding, never ceasing, always whispering, "wait, oh wait."

"The long surf whitens up the bay,
  Fringing the yellow sand with pearl;
And tremulous the ripples sway,
  Sway to and fro, and flash and curl.
They whisper softly to her feet
  Who lingers lonely on the sand,
Still looking seaward, with her sweet
  Dark eyes o'ershadowed by her hand,
Her loosened hair is backward blown,
  And brightens in the evening light;
And the fresh landward breeze has thrown
  Soft color on her cheek's cold white.

Is it to watch the sea-bird shoot
  On sunny wings along the foam,
She lingers with reluctant foot,

All lonely from her cottage home?
Is it to watch the waters fret
And toss their snowy spume-flakes free,
Her tender long long-lashed eyes are set
So often to the windy sea?
Is it to mark the mellow hue
Where the deep heavens and oceans meet,
The golden melting in the blue
So softly, that she stays her feet?

There is a bark with snowy sail,
And pennon fluttering in the wind,
Bright foam about her bows, a trail
Of broken waters far behind;
She leans before the breeze, she flies
Bird-like, with pinions widely set;—
And now, in seaward-looking eyes
Heart-weary shades no longer fret,
Sail on! fair bark, amid the spray;
Sail on! and safely shoreward run;
Break on, soft ripples, up the bay;
And know, sweet maid, thy vigil done."

I had hoped to have added to this pamphlet photographs of Mr. John Couper, Clement Martin, James Spalding, Poulain du-Bignon, Major Page, and others, with prints of Retreat, Altama, Frederica, Hopeton, Cannons and Hampton Points and Broadfield, but the means at my disposal has forbidden it.

These illustrations would have been infinitely more interesting than the poor words in which I have attempted to describe places and personages.

The men whose names I have written were, either guides to the infancy or counsellors to the manhood of the county and state. They were as De Grammot calls his characters, "men of parts" and they had been actors, not lay figures in the "building of Georgia." Many had seen life in various phases, and in other lands. John Couper had known Georgia in ante-Revolutionary days, and the actors in that struggle were his familiar friends; his conversation enriched by anecdote, was charming and instructive. Clement Martin was, through his father, secretary to the trustees, connected from early youth with the Province of Georgia. James Spalding's business as an Indian trader had made, what was then a wilderness and unknown country, an open book to him. Major Page had met and known the men who ruled the councils of the Provincial government. Poulain duBignon had lived a life of varied experience. In India he had witnessed the Mogul Empire with its barbaric splendor crumble before British arms. He had sailed the blue waters of the Spanish main, and ridden the Carnatic with Hyder Ali, and later, had come to end his days on the quiet Island home. Hopeton had been the centre of a literary life,

and the scene of successful scientific agriculture. Altama would show how "man proposes and God disposes', built for a beloved wife's dower house. It has passed into alien hands. At Hampton Point feudalism made its last stand, and to the master the vassals or slaves gave an unswerving loyalty and love, which has survived to this day, and Is transferred from grand children to the great grand children who now live.

It has been a reproach to American History that an absence of romance causes it to be but dreary reading. Such a belief could be confuted by a study of early Georgia life, most assuredly by a knowledge of the Glynn and McIntosh colonization. Their building up was what closely resembled a tribal emigration, and they were always true to Oglethorpe, true to the Province and true to themselves.

Finis.

Appendix.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF BRUNSWICK RIFLEMEN

Original Roster of the Brunswick Riflemen as organized and connected with the 2nd Georgia Regiment, 1861:

Captain, B. F. Harris,
1st Lieutenant, J. S. Blain,
2nd Lieutenant, T. N. Gardner,
3rd Lieutenant, G. R. Frazier,
1st Sergeant, N. Dixon,
2nd Sergeant, G. W. Pettigrew.
3rd Sergeant, Jas. Hernandez,
4th Sergeant, U. Dart,
5th Sergeant, A. S. Quarterman,
1st Corporal, Burr Winton,
2nd Corporal, Jas. B. Moore,
3rd Corporal, Chas. L. Schlatter,
4th Corporal, Jno. L. Harris,
Musician, Cicero Arnold,

I. C. Aymar,
I. S. Armstrong,
J. B. Arnold,
R. S. Aiken,
S. A. Brockington,
A. L. Blount,
W. D. Beckham,
Wm. E. Clarke,
Jno. Curry,
Thos. Cummings,
Robt. S. Club,
Dennis Cronan,
C. W. Dixon,
J. E. Dart,
H. Dart,
F. M. Dart,
E. D. Duprie,
Patrick Dunn,
W. Elias,
Jas. M. Flinn,
Chas. E. Flanders,
Henry Ferrell,
Robt. Frohock,
T. J. Goodbread,
Alex Peters,
Dennis O'Brien,
J. D. Piles,
J. B. Robinson,
Jas. Speer,
J. J. Smith,
Danuel Smith,
Patrick Smith,
H. B. Wilson,
C. C. Williams,
D. S. Goodbread,
H. G. Goodbread,
R. Greenfield,
Jas. Golden,
Geo. Holmes,
Henry Holmes,
P. McDermot,
F. Higginbotham,
Austin Holcolm,
H. Highsmith,
Izra Jones,
Dennis Cane,
A. J. Lynch,
Thos. Lundy,
Joe Lasserre,
E. Laughinghouse,
Chas. Miller,
E. B. Mozlan,
L. C. Marlin,
W. W. Maugham,
Jas. McLamore,
Jno. Martin,
M. Martin,
Jno. Niblo.
Jno. O'Brien,
Jacob Sikes,
W. J. Sallins,
Jno. Sloan,
D. J. Sallins,
J. J. Spear,
E. Summerall,
Geo. H. Thomas,
H. Thomas,
Berry Williams,
F. Wourse,
Geo. Weeks,

Memorandum of the battles in which the Brunswick Riflemen were engaged in, during the civil war, without reference to the many heavy skirmishes, many of which assumed the magnitude of battles:

1862.

Seven days battle before Richmond.
Battle Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9.
Manassas Junction, Aug. 28.
2nd Battle Manassas, Aug, 29 and 30.
Sharpsburg, Sept. 17.
Fredericksburg, Dec. 13.

1863.

Battle Maries Hights, May 3.
Chancellorsville. May 3.
1st Battle Winchester, June 18.
Gettysburg, July 1, 2, and 3.

1864.

Wilderness, May 5, 6, and 7.
Spotsylvania, May 10, 11, and 12.
The Pines, May 18.
North Anna, May 23.
Turkey Ridge, June 1.
Coal Harbor June 3.
Lynchburg, June 14.
Kemstown, July 1.
Maryland Hights, July 6.
Monocacy, July 9.
Investment Washington City, July 12 and 13.
Snickers Gap, July 17.
2nd Battle Winchester, Sept. 19.
Fishers Hill, Sept. 23.
Fishers Creek, Oct 19.
Continuous battles around Petersburg Dec. 1st to March 28th, 1865.

1865.

Storming Fort Steadman, March 28. Surrender of Army, April 9.
Battles on Retreat, April 1 to 9.

TRUSTEES FOR THE PROVINCE OF GEORGIA.

Trustees appointed by the Charter:

1. John, Lord Percival.
2. Edward Digby.
3. George Lord Carpenter.
4. James Oglethorpe, M. P.
5. George Heathcote, M. P.
6. Thomas Larden, M. P.
7. Robert Moore, M. P.
8. Robert Hicks, M. P.
9. Roger Holland, M. P.
10. William Sloper, M. P.
11. Sir Frances Eyles, M. P.
12. John La Roche, M. P.
13. James Vernon, Esq.
14. William Belitha, Esq.
15. Rev. John Burton, D. D.
16. Rev. Richard Bundy, D. D.
17. Rev. Arthur Bedford, A. M.
18. Rev. Samuel Smith.
19. Adam Anderson.
20. Thomas Coram.
21. Rev. Stephen Hales.

Elected in 1734:

22. James Stanley, Earl of Derby.
23. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesburg.
24. John, Lord Tyreonnel.
25. James, Lord Lomercik.
26. James, Lord D'Arcy.
27. Richard Chandler.
28. Thomas Frederick.
29. Henry D'Aposfree, Esq.
30. Sir William Heathcote.
31. John White, Esq.
32. Robert Kendall.
33. Wm. Harsburg.
34. Christopher Tower, Esq.
35. Sir Erasmus Phillips.
36. Sir John Gonson.
37. George Tyner, Esq.

Elected in 1737:

38. Rev. Thomas Rundle, D. D.
39. William Lord Tabbot.
40. Richard Coope.
41. William Wallaston.
42. Robert Eyre, Esq.
43. Thomas Archer.
44. Henry Archer.
45. Robert Tracey.
46. Francis Wallaston.
47. Sir Robert Cater.

Elected in 1738:

48. Sir Jack de Bowverie.

Elected in 1739:

49. Sir Harvey Gough.
50. Sir Robert Burgoyne.

Elected in 1740;

51. Lord Sidney Benclerk.

Elected in 1742:

52. Henry, Earl of Bathurst.
53. Hon. Philip Percival.
54. Sir John Frederick.

Elected in 1743:

55. Hon. Alexander Hume Campbell.
56. Sir John Barrongton.
57. Samuel Tufnell, Esq.
58. Sir Henry Calthorpe.

Elected in 1745:

59. Sir John Philips.
60. Velters Cornwall.
61. John Wright, Esq., of Bolton on Swale died in 1748.

Elected in 1747:

62. Rev. Thomas Wilson, D. D.

Elected in 1749:

63. Francis Cokayne, Esq.
64. Samuel Loyd.
65. Earl of Egmont.
66. Anthony Ewer.
67. Edwin Hooper.
68. Sir John Cust.
69. Hon. Slingsby Bethel, M. P.
70. Hon. Stephen Janson.
71. Richiard Cavendish.